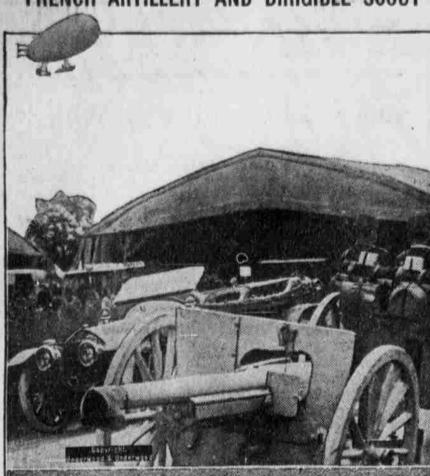
FRENCH ARTILLERY AND DIRIGIBLE SCOUT



WOMEN WORK HARD

Near London.

Mothers Have to Do Rough Field Work to Keep Husbands' Employment-Poverty of Laborers In Villages is Extensive.

London,-There has been trouble with the farmer, writes Harold Begbie in the London Chronicle. The farmer said to the laborer one day. "Why is your wife not in the hopfields?" The laborer answered, "She's ill at home," "I can't help that," said the tage of mine has got to tie up the hops; you know that well enough." The man went home and talked it over with his wife. They decided to look for another job. Better wages were offered to them in a village farther south and today they are going

away with their furniture on a wagon The man has been earning 16 shillings a week. He pays nothing for his cottage, but the freedom of the cottage entitles the farmer to call upon his wife for the work of hop tying. and the women are allowed one day off for their washing. This woman, starting in the last week of April, had children were ill and could not be sent is raised in protest. to school; the woman had to take m with her into the fields, and she says that she paid more than the eight shillings she earned by the month's hard work in repairs for their boots. You can understand that there was a disposition on the part of man and wife to look out for something rather better.

Is it not in the nature of slavery that a woman should be forced into the fields, that she should be compelled to do very hard, rough work for her husband's employer, and that she should have no voice in the matter of her wages? This particular woman is a very poor specimen of the human race; she suffers from terrible neuraigic pains in the head-affecting her eyesight badly; her cottage was not a pleasant place to visit; she seemed to have no heart for her life. But to go twice over an acre of 1,200 "hills." finding her own rushes and to be paid eight shillings at the end—this strikes one as cruel and wicked.

When the hops are grown on wires the women are paid eight shillings a week; but no one can say that eight shillings is a reasonable wage. And where the work has to be done at the peril of the husband's employment. at the peril of being turned out of house and home-even a house which is like a dog hole—one may justly say that the thing partakes of the nature of slavery.

This women was once employed by another woman of higher class, but when the hop tying season came she had to leave this work, had to give up her higher wages and had to go into the fields. The daughter of another cottager, earning fair wages in a laundry, had to relinquish this employ ment and accept what the farmer paid for hop tying. They have no freedom in the matter.

But what strikes me in this scandal of woman slavery is the silence of public opinion. Here in a very prosperous village, crowded with rich residents, and not very far from London. a woman can be forced to do this ill paid field labor without one word of Meyer, daughter of the former Seccondemnation by the church. An retary of the Navy and Mrs. Meyer, admirable attempt is being made by the new church of England newspaper, the Challenge, to create a communal spirit, to restore the essential character of brotherhood, to make the church realize her duty to the poor. But how. difficult that is! The church in this particular village is very much alive. The services are more beautiful and reverent than any I have ever experienced in country districts. The rich give large sums of money. The clergy- The beneficiaries are to be chosen of the accident, was found floating unman is devout. You would be aston-

Feminine Slavery on the Farms Eucharist. But who knows, who cares, that women can be forced, like slaves, to do field labor, and that they are paid like the victim of the worst sweaters in London slums?

Would you not think that the whole village would be up in arms about this state of things? On the contrary, there was never a more quiescent village in England. We go to our tennis and our tea parties, we go to our church service, and on our way we see dreadful women all twisted out of gracious lines and dressed in horrible rags, and we do not say to ourselves, "These are veritable sisters." No; we says to ourselves, "There is that awfarmer, "any one who occupies a cot- ful Mrs. -; what an untidy creature she is; really, she is scarcely human."

The astonishing thing about it all is this, the slavery is here under our very eyes. The children of these women go to our village school. Their piteous poverty is always before us. We cannot go through the village without passing a man who is working from morning to night for 15 shillings or 16 shillings a week. We are not living in one quarter of the village and they in another. We do not go to one church and they to an-The hops have to be tied three times, other. We share railway station, postoffice, fieldpath and road. We know each other by name. We greet as we pass. We are only a few hundreds all been twice over her acre of 1,200 taken together. But slavery is here "hills" by May 23. The farmer gave in our midst. Sweating goes on unher eight shillings. Unhappily the der our very eyes. And not one voice

VISITS HER PARENTS' HOME

Mrs. Raymond Rodgers, Daughter of Former Secretary of Navy Meyers, at Hamilton, Mass.

Hamilton, Mass. - Mrs. Raymond Rodgers, who was formerly Miss Alys



Mrs. Raymond Rodgers.

is occupying her parents' home at Hamilton, Mass., for the season while they are touring abroad.

Encourages "High" Birth Rate. Lyons.-The sum of \$20,000 was willed by M. Brunier, who died recently near here, as an annual recompense to any mother of a French famdren born at a height of 2,000 feet. ished by the catholic spirit of the French Alps living at that altitude. | surface of the water.

JUDGE HAD VERY GOOD EYES Moreover, Proud Youth Was Too Care less in His Boasting About His Gold Watch.

Los Angeles.-"That's a nice-looking watch you are wearing," Justice Summerfield remarked to Marion I. Clemmer, a rallway mail clerk. "Yes," said Clemmer proudly, "this

ticker is worth \$50." "Good enough," said the court, Hand that ticker over to Constable

Lyons. Clemmer had been sued by C. F. Frye on a note for \$40. The rallway mail clerk let judgment go by default. Then he appears to have got his back

'It's not a just debt, and I'm not gong to pay it," he told Justice Summer-

"Didn't you sign the note?" the ourt asked. "Yes," admitted Clemmer, "but I'm

not going to pay it." "Oho." said Justice Summerfield softly, just like that. "Oho," Then the court leaned over his human beings.

bench and gave Clemmer the once

over, optically speaking. "I spy a watch," said Justice Sumudgment.

CONGRESSMAN'S WIFE TO FLY

Mrs. Frederick A. Britten to Be First to Take Trip in Burgess-Dunn Aeroplane.

Washington. - Mrs. Frederick A. Britten, wife of the congressman from Illinois who is a member of the house naval affairs committee, will be the



first woman to fly in the new Burgess-Dunn aeroplane, which is being tested astic automobilist and is keen for all kinds of outdoor sports.

GOOSE CAUSES HER DEATH

Horse Drags Mrs. Miller From Bridge When Scared by Bird's Honking.

Hackensack, N. J .- Mrs. A. H. Milengineer of Woodcliff Heights, N. J., away to do some errands. She pur- camp fires, or carrying supplies to the firing line.

when the goose gave a shrill honk, her the chance.

into the water. cident, ran to the village for help. Garry Ackerman, who had seen the horse bolt, obtained dragnets and after 25 minutes Mrs. Miller's body was recovered and removed to Park Ridge. The water was 25 feet deep at the place where the horse made his plunge, and it was several hours before the farm wagon and the body ily who shall have at least seven chil- of the horse were recovered. The

ver bullion worth \$5,000 were found the other day by two little boys who were playing along the Rock Island

The bars were hidden in the weeds, and had been stolen from a carload of silver bars, which were being shipped to the Omaha smelter to be refined.

L alone, 6,444 feet above sea level, on top of Klamath peak in Siskiyou county, California, a young woman for months at a time during the prevalence of the forest fire season last year, did her part, and did it well, in the effort the government is making to preserve the forests of the country from destructive flames which have for years past caused an annual property loss of \$25,000,000, and cost each year an average of 76

She is Miss Hallie M. Daggett, and she is the only woman lookout employed by the forest service. As soon as the season of forest fires begins this year, merfield. "Just hand that watch over Miss Daggett will again be found at her post. to the constable, and if he sells it for Posted in her small cabin on top of the mountain \$40 or more you won't have to pay the peak it will be her duty, as last year, to scan the vast forest in every direction as far as she can see by naked eye and telescope, by day for smoke, and for the red glare of fire by night, and report the result of her observations by telephone to the main office of the forest patrol miles and miles away.

Few women would care for such a job, fewer still would seek it, and still less would be able to stand the strain of the infinite loneliness, or the roar of the violent storms which sweep the peak, or the menace of the wild beasts which roam the heavily wooded ridges. Miss Daggett,

however, not only eagerly longed for the station, but secured it after considerable exertion, and now she declares that she enjoyed the life and was intensely interested in the work she had

Perhaps the call of the wild is in her blood. Her parents are pioneers, her father, John Daggett, having crossed the isthmus in 1852, and her mother, a mere baby, being taken across the plains from Kentucky the same year. Miss Daggett was born at the Klamath mine, in the shadow of the peak on which the lookout station is perched. She spent most of her early years out of doors riding and tramping over the hills with her brother, so that it was natural that, with her inborn love of the forests, she should be anxious to take part in the fight which the forest service men are making for the protection of the forests. Debarred by her sex, however, from the kind of work which most of the service men are doing, she saw no opportunity until lookout stations were established, and then after earnest solicitation secured the place she held so well.

Some of the service men predicted that after a few days of life on the peak she would telephone that she was frightened by the loneliness and the danger, but she was full of pluck and high spirit, and day after day as her

keen eyes ranged the hills which constitute the Salmon river watershed, and as she made her at the aviation field at Newport News, daily reports by telephone, she grew more and more in love with her work. Even when the telephone wires were broken and when for a long time she was cut off from communication with the world below, she did not lose heart. She not only filled the place with all the skill which a trained man could have shown, but she was reappointed when the fire season opened a few weeks ago.

Miss Daggett's earliest recollection, she says, abounds with smoke-clouded summer days and fires that wandered over the country at their ler, whose husband has charge of the own sweet will, unchecked unless they happened estate of E. Percy Smith, a mining to interfere seriously with someones claim or woodpile, when they were usually turned off by set out from the Smith homestead to back-firing and headed in another direction, to drive two of her friends to the rail- continue their mischief until they either died for road station at Woodcliff lake, a mile lack of fuel or were quenched by the fall rains. and a half away. The three women | Consequently, she grew up with a fierce hatred of started off gayly in a small one-seat- the devastating fires, and welcomed the force ed farm wagon drawn by a somewhat which arrived to combat them. But not until the frisky horse. When they arrived at lookout stations were installed did there come the station, which is on the New Jer- an opportunity for her to join what had up to that sey & New York railroad, about ten time been a man's fight; although she and her miles above Hackensack, Mrs. Miller sister had frequently been able to help on the bade her friends good-by and drove small things, such as extinguishing spreading

chased some groceries at the small Then through the liberal-mindedness and courstore of Garry Ackerman and called at | tesy of the officials in her district, she was given the freight office for a crated goose, the position of lookout at Eddy's Gulch station in which she put in the back of the farm the Fourth district of the Klamath national forwagon. Then she started for her est; and entered upon her work the first day of June, 1913, with a firm determination to make The horse had turned the bend in good, for she knew that the appointment of a the road above the railroad station woman was rather in the nature of an experiand was headed toward a bridge span- ment, and naturally felt that there was a great ning the new Woodcliff lake reservoir, deal due the men who had been willing to give

The horse heard it and ran away. As It was a swift change in three days, from San the horse approached the bridge it in- Francisco, civilization and sea level, to a solitary creased its speed, and when it heard cabin nearly 6,500 feet elevation and three hours' the clatter of its own hoofs on the hard climb from anywhere. But in spite of the planks it swerved. A fisherman sit- fact that almost the very first question asked ting a hundred yards away saw the by everyone is: "Isn't it awfully lonesome up animal head directly for the guard there?" Miss Daggett declares that never for a rail of the bridge. The guard rail is moment, after the first half-hour following her four feet above the roadway, but the sister's departure with the pack animals, when horse broke through, dragging the she had a chance to look around, did she feel the wagon containing Mrs. Miller over slightest longing to retrace her steps. While she had been on the peak before in her early rambles, The fisherman who had seen the ac she had never thought of it as a home. One of her pet dreams had always been of a log cabin, and here was an ideal one, brand new the summer before, and as cozy indoors as could be wished, while outdoors, all outdoors, was a grander door-yard than any estate in the land could boast. It was a prospect of glorious freedom from four walls and a time-clock.

Klamath peak is not really a peak in the conventional sense of the word, but it is rather the culmination of a long series of ridges running up goose, which was the original cause from the watersheds of the north and south forks among the wives of guides in the hurt in the crate, which stayed on the district makes it, however, an ideal spot for a

FIRE DAMAGE MISS DAGGETT ON TOP OF KLAMATH PEAK

VIEW FROM TOP OF KLAMATH PEAK, SHOWING

station. Miss Daggett describes it as the hub of a wheel with the lines of ridges as spokes, and an unbroken rim of peaks encircling around it; some eternally snow-capped, and most all of them higher than itself.

To the east there is a shoulder of snowy Shasta and an unseen neighbor lookout on Eagle peak; to the south, the high, jagged edge of Trinity county, and, just discernible with the glasses, a shining new cabin on Packer's peak; to the west, behind Orleans mountain with its ever-watchful occupant, a faint glimpse of the shining Pacific shows with a favorable sunset, and all in between is a seeming wilderness of ridges and gulches. making up what is said to be one of the finest continuous views in the whole of the West.

"Bird and animal life were also very plentiful," says Miss Daggett, "filling the air with songs and chatter, coming to the doorstep for food, and often invading the cabin itself. I positively declined owning a cat on account of its destructive intentions on small life-a pair of owls proving satisfactory as mice catchers, besides being amusing as neighbors as well. Frequently deer fed around the cabin in the evenings, and there was a small bear down by the spring, besides several larger ones whose tracks I often saw on the trail. In addition to these, a couple of porcupines helped keep me from becoming lonesome, by using various means to find a way into the cabin at

"All these animals being harmless, it had never been my custom to carry a gun in so-called western fashion, until one morning I discovered a big panther track out on the trail, and then in deference to my family's united request, I buckled on the orthodox weapon, which had been accumulating dust on the cabin shelf, and proceeded to be picturesque, but to no avail, as the beast did not again return.

"At many of the stations the question of wood and water is a serious one on account of the elevation; but I was especially favored, as wood lies about in all shapes and quantities, only waiting for an ax to convert it into suitable lengths, while water unlimited could be melted from the snow banks which lingered until the last of July, although it did seem a little odd to go for water with a shovel in addition to a bucket. Later the supply was packed in canvas sacks from a spring about a mile away in the timber. This was al ways a job sought by anyone coming up on horseback; and thanks to the kindly efforts of the guards who passed that way, and my few visitors, it was always easy to keep the pot boiling. My sister brought up my supplies and mail from home every week, a distance of nine miles."

The daily duties of life at Miss Daggett's lookout are small, merely consisting of an earlymorning and late evening tramp of half a mile to the point of the ride, where the trees obscure the north view of the cabin, and a constant watch on all sides for a trace of smoke. A watch of this nature soon becomes an instinct, according to Miss Daggett, for she found herself often awakening in the night for a look around. In fact, she

soon became to feel, as she expresses it, that the lookout is "an ounce of prevention." Then there are three daily reports to be sent to the district headquarters in town, to prove that everything is serene, and extra reports if they are not, and lastly a little, very little houses

VIEW OF SHOW-CLAD KLAMATH PEAK

KLAPTATH PEAK LOOKOUT STATION -MISS DAGGETTS CARITY

Not a very busy day, as judged by our modern standards of rush, but a lookout's motto might well be "They also serve who only stand and wait." And there is always the great map spread out at one's feet to study by new lights and shadows while waiting, and the ever-husy phone with its numerous calls, which must be kept within hearing, so that one cannot wander far.

That phone, Miss Daggett says, with its gradually extending feelers, made her feel exactly like a big spider in the center of a web, with the fires for flies; and those fires were certainly treated to exactly the speedy fate of the other unworthy pests. Through all the days up to the close of the term on November 6, when a light snow put an end to all danger of fires, she felt an evergrowing sense of responsibility, which finally came to be almost a feeling of proprietorship, resulting in the desire to punish anyone careless enough to set fires in her "door-vard."

The utter dependence on the telephone was brought vividly to Miss Daggett's mind one afternoon soon after her arrival, when an extra heavy electrical storm, which broke close by, caused one of the electrical arresters on the outside of the cabin to burn out, quite contrary to precedent, and she was cut off from the world until the next day, when someone from the officecame up in haste to find out the cause of the silence and set things aright. They often joke now, she says, about expecting to find her hidden under a log for safety, but it wasn't quite so funny at the time.

There seems, however, to be very little actual danger from these storms, in spite of the fact that they are very heavy and numerous at that elevation. One soon becomes accustomed to the racket, or, at least, Miss Daggett did. 'But in the damage these storms cause by starting firm lies their chief interest to the lookout, for it requires a quick eye to detect, in among the rage of fogs which arise in their wake, the small puff of smoke which tells of some tree struck in a burnable spot. Generally it shows at once, but in one instance there was a lapse of almost two weeks before the fall of the smoldering top fanned up enough smoke to be seen.

At night the new fires show up like tiny candle flames, and are easily spotted against the dark background of the ridges, but are not so easy to exactly locate for an immediate report. Upon the speed and accuracy of this report, however, depends the efficiency of the service, as was proved by the summer's record of extra small acreage burned in spite of over forty fires reported.

To the electrical storms, Miss Daggett adds, are attributed most of our present-day fires, as traveler and citizen alike are daily feeling more responsible for the preservation of the riches bestowed by nature, and although some still hold to the same views as one old-timer, who made the comment, when lightning fires were being discussed, that he "guessed that was the Almighty's way of clearing the forests," the general trend of opinion seems to be that man, in the form of forest service, is doing an excellent work in keeping a watchful eye on the limits of that hitherto wholesale clearing.

Washington Man Surrenders Fourteen Years After He Had Slain Neighbor for Small Offense.

After eluding officers for more than been suffering mertal agony because when Clemens rode up and shot Bofourteen years, during which time an | of his crime and had been unable to active search was conducted for him live an honest life. He was placed in and a reward offered, for his arrest, Samuel R. Clemens, formerly a promi- with R. M. Burgunder, prosecuting nent farmer in this county, ap- attorney. proached W. I. Daly, a Colfax police-

committed near Pampa, January 26, 1900, which aroused great feeling in this district.

the county jail after a long conference

January 26, 1900, Clemens, then a man, and gave himself up. Clemens prosperous farmer, shot and killed rest. J. L. Canutt, at present a real the New York Sun.

Clemens, who is now sixty years of another girl were with Boland and a mystery since the crime age, told the policeman that he had friend in a buggy after the dance

> land, killing him instantly. Clemens then disappeared. Posses

COULD NEVER FORGET CRIME | was wanted for a sensational murder | George Boland, a young man whom he | estate dealer at Tekoa, was sheriff at suspected of having taken his daugh- the time of the murder and led the ter to a dance in opposition to the search. The success with which Clemfather's wishes. The daughter and ens eluded the officers has been a

When he arrived at Colfax from Spokane Clemens refused to state where he had concealed himself. He expressed repentance for his crime were sent after him and the entire and stated that he wanted to live honcountry was thoroughly searched. No estly, but had been prevented from trace was ever found, although a redoing so by the recollections of his ward of \$500 was offered for his arcrime.—Colfax (Wash.) Dispatch to



She Suffered From Chronic Indigestion and Starving Was the Way to Get Well.

Spokane, Wash .-- Mrs. Boyd Culver, 105. She is entirely cured. forty-one, of Eureka, Mont, recently completed a 45-day fast. She came here suffering from chronic indigestion, and started on the fast under the direction of Dr. Aubrey Dodson.

ver ate nothing and drank nothing Dean avenue.

WOMAN FASTS FOR 45 DAYS except water up to the last week, when she began taking small quantities of lemon and orange juice. She lost 28 pounds during the period, dropping from 115 to 87. After a week of eating her weight has increased to railroad tracks.

During the period of abstinence Mrs Culver made daily trips downtown, doing extensive walking in the shopping district. She was accompanied a sister, Mrs. J. N. Dawson of Kal-During the 45-day period Mrs. Cul- ispell, and has been staying at W1828

Find Silver Bars in Weeds. Omaha, Neb .- Two big bars of sil-

Men never know as much about anything as women know about the prevailing styles.